Negotiation

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Negotiation

by orphan_account

Summary

It's true that no prison could hold Hannibal Lecter. In the meantime, Will makes an... intriguing discovery.

Set after the "seduction" but before Mizumono.

I am sick this week, so apologies if I'm a bit late in updating my other works.

"As I said, dear Will, I find this highly educational," Hannibal practically purred, the laxness of which contrasted drastically with the swiftness of his pace as he kept up with what can only be described as Will's attempt to escape him. Beverly Katz, as she walked by, offered Will only a smirk and a wink. *Very helpful, Katz,* Will lamented.

"Y'know what, Dr. Lecter? If you're just going to follow me around everywhere I go like Mary's somehow carnivorous lamb who's not even remotely cute or fluffy, you might as well just get a cardboard cutout of me and huddle with it in that pretentious-ass manor of yours."

Despite the reprimand, a slow smile spread itself across Hannibal's face.

"What a great idea."

Upon noticing Hannibal's absence from the next BAU meeting, Will breathed a sigh of relief.

"You look well, Graham," chirped Bev, reaching up to ruffle his hair. "So I take it you agree with Jack's plan?"

Oh no, not again.

"What plan?" Will snapped, just as Jack stepped into the room, looking far too cheerful and somehow, *somehow,* speaking in an indoor voice for once.

"I think we've got Lecter under control."

Something in Will's chest shrunk into itself and plummeted into his stomach, sending waves of dread rippling out into the rest of him. "H-he's gone?" Though he did his best to maintain an even tone, his voice came out as small as he felt himself.

To his dismay, Jack laughed and clapped a strong hand over Will's shoulder. "No, no, nothing like that. Ever since you 'resumed your therapy' and started -- as you said -- 'fishing', his choice of victims has become... helpful."

Wait. What?

"As you can see," Brian continued, pointing to a PowerPoint slide on the projector screen, "his kill patterns have changed from this" -- he gestured towards scatterplots with seemingly no correlation whatsoever -- "to this", he said, clicking to the next slide, which simply listed the names of people followed by crimes they committed.

Price stepped forward. "Yeah. He's been targeting other killers, rapists, child molesters -- but the one thing that gave it all away... was his new tendency of going after animal abusers."

"HOLD ON!" Will shouted. "If you guys have this much evidence, why aren't you arresting him?" Behind him, Bev snickered. "Ya sure you even *want* us to arrest him?"

"Nah, *he's* the one who wants to arrest Lecter," cackled Zeller. "Recreationally."

"Focus!" Jack bellowed. *Okay, so one thing's gone back to normal.* "Will, the thing is, Lecter's gone from being the viper who victimizes random civilians to the garden snake who gets rid of pests."

Will groaned, covering his face with his hands. "Oh jeez, you're even *talking* like him."

"But. But." As if he hadn't heard Will at all, Jack persisted, tone as firm as ever. "He only did this when he perceived that Will had an... let us just say, *interest* in him."

"Yeah!" Price practically shouted, darting between Jack and Will. "So basically, you and Lecter sit in a tree, k-i-s-s-i-n-g forever, and he gets rid of murderers for us! Bam! Your boner problem's solved, and so is our murder problem!"

Jack sighed. "Well, he does have 100% accuracy with catching these criminals. All of them so far have been proven guilty post-mortem. Thing is, Lecter's not bound by the FBI bureaucratic system -- it's inevitable that he's able to operate faster."

"So what do I do?" Will asked, almost hopeful.

Reluctantly, Jack hazarded a weary glance at the lab team. "Precisely what Price said, although you don't have to actually, well, you know. Just keep Lecter in check in any way you see fit."

Unfortunately, it appeared that Zeller was not yet finished. "Apparently," he shouted, "Willy G's dick saves lives! Now go to Lecter and y'all can--"

"We can what?" A suave voice oozed from the doorway, shortly accompanied by a decidedly *different* Hannibal Lecter. Gone was his usual three-piece suit -- in its stead was a soft shearling jacket, hair product-free and clearly disheveled by the motorcycle helmet that dangled from Hannibal's fingers. Will's eyes widened, breath catching in his throat.

"We were just saying," answered Bev, obviously eager to help, "Will likes what he sees." All right, perhaps not to help, then.

Hannibal's god-awful smirk came back out to play, making Will grit his teeth in his attempt to prevent himself from introducing said smirk to his own already-balled-up fist. "I hope that he does. If I am not mistaken, Will did imply that he would prefer me 'fluffy' and 'cute', though I admit that I was unsure of how, precisely, to make myself the latter. Now, Will, if you like, you can check for yourself if I am 'fluffy' enough for your tastes."

Itching to touch, Will's fingers curled further, and the thought of combing them through the collar of Hannibal's jacket, perhaps while making eye contact, made a certain part of Will quite the opposite of *soft.*

"Okay, okay," interrupted Brian. "You may now kiss the groom and go on your totally-not-FBI-sponsored honeymoon intended to, uh, absolutely not get rid of you guys for a month."

Bracing himself for another self-congratulatory grin on Hannibal's behalf, Will was surprised when the man's shoulders slumped forward, and a sob practically tore out of his throat.

"No!"

Jack's face fell. "What do you mean, no? I thought this was what you --"

"I have not had the time to find my dearest mongoose a proper ring, nor have I courted him properly -- I haven't even cooked a meal deserving of his taste buds for the occasion of our engagement! It is wholly unfair for my poor darling to suffer a wedding of such low caliber..." As Hannibal continued to weep, Beverly gingerly gathered him into her arms, patting his back with noises that sounded suspiciously like sharp slaps.

"Hey, it's okay, besotted murderer, Will's hot for you either way, okay?" This, apparently, only succeeded in making Hannibal cry harder.

"He most certainly is not. Just last week he expressed his -- *hic* -- displeasure at having me 'follow him around everywhere'! If he truly -- *hic* -- wanted me, he would not have even noticed, but rather -- *hic* -- would have delighted in my company."

"Jeez, Jack!" Will shouted. "You're literally marrying me off like you're some nineteenth-century matriarch marrying off her virgin daughter to the most pompous, god-awful gentleman she could possibly find!"

As soon as his words fell, Hannibal's sobs ceased, and he crumpled to the floor in a small ball of expensive shearling jacket and leather motorcycle pants. His sadness seemed to radiate through Will's bones.

"Hannibal, I--"

Lecter slowly lifted his head from his knees, peering up at Will through his tears. "Did you say my name, beloved?" *Beloved.* Will's heart sang. *Huh. Weird.*

"Yes, Hannibal," Will continued. "I'm sorry. I mean, you are pompous and prissy and all that, but it's..." He sighed. "Endearing." Behind him, the science team cheered, and Jack breathed a sigh of relief. "Now. C'mon. Up. Let's get you home, yeah?" At the tenderness of his tone, Bev almost started to question her own sense of hearing. Will's voice was never so gentle, rather, it was gruff or dismissive or angry or sharp... never this *sweet.*

Though Hannibal looked reluctant to stand, as soon as Will unfurled an arm and extended it in his general direction, he practically leapt up to bury his face into Will's neck, breathing in deeply and unashamedly. "Shh, it's okay," Will crooned. "You can cook Ted Bundy for me later, okay? Then I'll pretend to be surprised when you propose to me with what'll probably be the most expensive, pretentious fucking ring I've ever seen. Okay, baby?" Hannibal nodded.

"Whoa!!!" Price and Zeller exclaimed. "HE CALLED HIM BABY!!" This time, Bev finally threw away all of her restraint, and slapped both of them simultaneously across the cheeks. "Hey!" They whined.

As Will dragged the finger-monkey that was somehow Hannibal Lecter out of the BAU, he resolved to pay those idiots no mind whatsoever.

"HANNIBAL!" Will shouted from the doorway of the kitchen.

Seemingly unruffled, Hannibal turned from the cutting board to regard his beloved. "What is it, mylimasis?"

"When I told you to get a cardboard cutout of me, I didn't mean it literally! AND I didn't mean for you to get DOZENS of them... how'd you even get a picture of me brushing my teeth? And WHY IS THERE A BODY PILLOW WITH ME PRINTED ON IT ON YOUR BED?"

Hannibal beamed. "I simply couldn't bear to be without you, dearest." Inwardly, Will directed his curses at his own blush instead of the creepily romantic murderer before him.

"Fine. But you know what? We're getting rid of those if I'm moving in."

"If?"

"FINE! I'm moving in! But those have to go!" Still, Hannibal's pout persisted.

"What if..." his lip trembled. "What if you go away for a case? What if you become angry at me and return to Wolf Trap?" Something tugged at the center of Will's ribcage, refusing to let him go. *God, he's going to be so spoiled.*

"Okay. Fine. But you'll keep them in the hallway closet when I'm here. And you'll probably come with me for most cases anyway, right?"

"And we will never go to bed angry with each other," Hannibal finished, a hopeful look gleaming in his eyes.

"Y'know, we're gonna have a really hard time with that, but we can try."

Looking up through his eyelashes, Hannibal bit his lip as if trying to avoid smiling. "Yes... daddy."

"OH HELL, NO!"

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